both acquire manners before morals, and a knowledge of life before they have, from reflection, any acquaintance with the grand ideal outline of human nature. The conſequence is natural; ſatisfied with common nature, they become a prey to prejudices, and taking all their opinions on credit, they blindly ſubmit to authority. So that, if they have any ſenſe, it is a kind of inſtinctive glance, that catches proportions, and decides with reſpect to manners; but fails when arguments are to be purſued below the ſurface, or opinions analyzed.

May not the ſame remark be applied to women? Nay, the argument may be carried ſtill further, for they are both thrown out of a uſeful ſtation by the unnatural diſtinctions eſtabliſhed in civilized life. Riches and hereditary honours have made cyphers of women to give conſequence to the numerical figure; and idleneſs has produced a mixture of gallantry and deſpotiſm into ſociety, which leads the very men who are the ſlaves of their miſtreſſes to tyrannize over their ſiſters, wives, and daughters. This is only keeping them in rank and file, it is true. Strengthen the female mind by enlarging it, and there will be an end to blind obedience; but, as blind obedience is ever ſought

fought for by power, tyrants and ſenſualiſts are in the right when they endeavour to keep women in the dark, becauſe the former only want ſlaves, and the latter a play-thing. The ſenſualiſt, indeed, has been the moſt dangerous of tyrants, and women have been duped by their lovers, as princes by their miniſters, whilſt dreaming that they reigned over them.

I now principally allude to Rouſſeau, for his character of Sophia is, undoubtedly, a captivating one, though it appears to me groſsly unnatural; however, it is not the ſuperſtructure, but the foundation of her character, the principles on which her education was built, that I mean to attack; nay, warmly as I admire the genius of that able writer, whoſe opinions I ſhall often have occaſion to cite, indignation always takes place of admiration, and the rigid frown of inſulted virtue effaces the ſmile of complacency, which his eloquent periods are wont to raiſe, when I read his voluptuous reveries. Is this the man, who, in his ardour for virtue, would baniſh all the ſoft arts of peace, and almoſt carry us back to Spartan diſcipline? Is this the man who delights to paint the uſeful ſtruggles of paſſion, the triumphs of